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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

### The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

As a star of the first magnitude in the musical firmament shines the name of a man, who opened an entirely new path in the domain of music, and who by the magic of his melodies mightily stirred the hearts of his hearers and drew tears from their eyes. This hero, whom nature had gifted with a rich and inexhaustible imagination, was LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

He sprang from a musical family. His grandfather, Ludwig van Beethoven, who died Dec. 24, 1773, as kapellmeister and bass singer in the service of the Elector of Cologne, Max Frederick, had often in his earlier days appeared acceptably upon a national theatre established by his liege. He had particularly distinguished himself in the musical play: *L'amore artigiano*, and in the then very favorite opera, "The Deserter," by Monsigny. His son, John van Beethoven, also devoted himself to music. He held afterwards a position in the chapel of the Elector, residing at Bonn. On the 12th of November, 1767, he married Maria Magdalena Kewerich, the daughter of a head cook of the Elector of Treves, and widow of the electoral Chamberlain, Johann Laym. She was born on the 20th of December, 1746, at Ehrenbreitstein, near Coblenz, and died at Bonn on the 17th of July, 1787. Her husband died Dec. 18, 1792.

The second son by this marriage was the great master of tones, LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.—He was born at Bonn, on the 17th of December, 1770. His elder brother, Ludwig Maria, had died soon after his birth (April 2, 1769). After him two younger brothers saw the light: Caspar Anton Carl, on the 8th of April, 1774; and Ni-

colaus Johann, on the 2d of October, 1776. The former supported himself as a piano-forte teacher; the latter learned the art of an apothecary at Bonn. Both afterwards followed their brother Ludwig to Vienna, where he spent the greatest part of his life.

Reliable accounts indicate as the spot where Beethoven first saw the light, the "Graus house," situated in the Bonn-gasse, number 515, the fourth house on the right from the Jews' lane, afterwards owned by Dr. Schildt. Subsequently his parents hired a habitation of the baker, Fischer, in the Rhein-gasse, No. 934, and this house has often been erroneously taken for Beethoven's birth-place.

The scandal here and there circulated about Beethoven's descent from the king of Prussia, Frederick William II., scarcely needs a refutation, since neither was that monarch in Bonn before Beethoven's birth, nor had the mother ever left that city during her married life. How Beethoven expressed himself concerning it, appears from a letter which he addressed in the latter part of his life, Dec. 7, 1826, to an aged friend. "You write me," said Beethoven, "that I have somewhere been referred to as a natural son of the late king of Prussia. I heard of the story a long time ago. But I have made it a principle, never to write anything about myself, and never to answer anything that is written about me. I gladly leave it to you therefore to make known to the world the honesty of my parents, and particularly of my mother."

The education of Beethoven was not distinguished. Reading, writing, drawing, and a little Latin he learned at a public school. Among the pupils the one to whom Beethoven was most deeply attached, was Wurzer, afterwards president of the State Tribunal at Coblenz. But little progress was made in his elementary studies. Music soon supplanted in him any interest in other occupations. Already in his fourth year he knew no greater satisfaction than to listen to his father, when he was preparing himself for a musical performance on the piano. Then Beethoven hastened away from his playmates, listened with eager attention to the fascinating tones, and begged his father, when about to end, that he would still keep on. His greatest pleasure was when his father took him on his lap, and let him with his little fingers accompany the melody of a song on the piano. Presently he began to attempt a repetition of it all alone. This succeeded so well in his fifth year, that his father was induced to give him instruction in music. But by this means music was well nigh spoiled for him entirely. Often did he shed bitter tears over the hard treatment of his not very morally refined father,

who was somewhat given to drink, and in that condition would indulge in an irritability that knew no bounds. This inconsiderate harshness of the father had a still more special ground. His salary scarcely sufficed for the bare necessities of life. In the want of other resources, he cherished the hope of soon procuring through his oldest son some aid towards the education of the two other sons.

Better instruction than he owed his father, in such circumstances, Beethoven received from a certain PFEIFFER, who was music-director and oboist, and afterwards kapellmeister to a Bavarian regiment. To this excellent man, who was known as a talented composer, Beethoven was indebted for the greatest part of his musical education. In his later years he gratefully remembered the instructor of his youth, and, when he found himself in needy circumstances, sent him pecuniary aid from Vienna.

Still greater progress did Beethoven make in music, when one of the most distinguished pianists in Bonn, the court organist and chamber musician, VAN DER EDEN, offered, in consideration of the father's straitened circumstances, to instruct the boy gratuitously. But van der Eden's duties were so pressing, that the lessons could not be continued as regularly as the teacher, who was much delighted with his pupil's progress, could have wished. Van der Eden received a commission from the Elector Max Franz, whose attention had been called to the talent of the boy, to give him an hour's instruction daily at the royal expense. In his musical development, and especially in the technical handling of the organ, Beethoven made such rapid progress, that he often had to let himself be heard in the chapel and in the private chambers of the Elector, and always won applause. Max Franz provided also for the further instruction of the boy after van der Eden's death. Beethoven's teacher now was the celebrated composer and court organist, CHRISTIAN GOTTLÖB NEEFE, who, after having been for a long time music director in Grossmann's theatrical company, had been appointed to the place vacated by van der Eden's death in the electoral chapel at Bonn.

It was of essential advantage for Beethoven's musical culture, particularly for his taste, that he was made acquainted through Neefe with the works of SEBASTIAN BACH, and learned to overcome the difficulties involved in the execution of these compositions. By this means he acquired an uncommon facility of finger, by which his playing was in later years distinguished. In his eleventh year he already played Sebastian Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord," which consisted of four and twenty preludes and fugues in all the

keys, with such wonderful facility, that his performance was compared with that of many a distinguished pianist. In his ninth year he had begun to compose. His attempts were more successful, after Neefe had taught him the rules of composition, of which until then he had been entirely ignorant. In his eleventh year he composed nine variations on a march, three piano sonatas, and some songs, among others the well known one of Claudius: *Wenn jemand eine Reise thut*, &c. He also wrote about this time the music to a chivalric ballet produced by the high nobility in the Carnival season, which for a long time passed for the work of a Count von Waldstein, who with the dancing master Habich from Aix had arranged the ballet in question.

Beethoven had found an especial patron, who remained not without influence on the higher culture of his talent, in the above-named Count von Waldstein, who at that time lived at Bonn as knight of the Germanic Order, and afterwards as Commander of the order and imperial treasurer at Birnsberg. The Count was not merely a connoisseur of music; he engaged in it practically. It was he who first rightly appreciated Beethoven's talent, and through him was developed in the young artist the gift of varying and working out a theme extempore. From him Beethoven received, with the most delicate regard to his sensibility, frequent pecuniary aid, which was for the most part considered a donation from the Elector. With him the Count stood in high favor, and was almost his inseparable companion. By his mediation Beethoven already in his fifteenth year (1785) was appointed organist to the electoral chapel in Bonn, where he alternated with his teacher, Neefe, in the discharge of the not heavy duties. The little organ in the then Court Chapel (now Evangelical Church) required no great dexterity, nor could such have found sphere in an instrument of such limited construction. Neefe was strong and healthful, and not prevented by other business from attending to his duties. From all this it appears, that Beethoven's appointment was simply a kind provision for his support. Beethoven always alludes to his patron, the Count Waldstein, with a feeling of the deepest gratitude, which he expressed in his later years by dedicating to him his great Sonata in C major, (opus 53), one of his most celebrated works.

To the musical instruction which he gave in a few families, Beethoven was indebted for an attractive acquaintance, which was of the most favorable influence for his social culture. He made it in the house of the widow of the electoral Counsellor von Breuning. The family consisted of three sons, nearly of Beethoven's own age, and one daughter. Besides the latter, the youngest son also received music lessons from Beethoven, and was already a distinguished piano-player, when, after completing his medical studies, in 1798, he died. The second son, Stephen, afterwards imperial Counsellor in Vienna, where he died a few months after Beethoven, (on the 4th of June, 1827.) was his friend of many years' standing, devoted to him with the most inviolable constancy. The third son, Christopher, received a position in Berlin, as privy counsellor of revision and cassation. To the daughter, Eleonore, afterwards married to Dr. F. G. Wegeler, in Coblenz, Beethoven dedicated his first Variations for the Piano.

Throughout his life he retained a friendly re-

collection of the happy days which he had spent in that family. There too he had first become acquainted with the German literature, particularly with the best poetical productions. In that house reigned, with all the impulsiveness of youth, an unconstrained fine tone. Christopher and Stephen von Breuning tried their hands not without success in little poems. The family lived comfortably, and in their social circles there prevailed a conversation, which combined the useful with the agreeable. From several of the later letters of Beethoven it is evident how contented he felt himself in that family, where he was soon treated as a child of the house. Not only the greatest part of the day, but many a night he passed there. There he felt free and without any restraint. Many things conspired to make him cheerful and to further the development of his mind. Especially did the friendly and good-natured lady of the house exert a beneficent influence upon the young man's humors, which occasionally bordered upon stubborn self-will.

In his above-mentioned capacity as court organist, Beethoven first gave accidentally to the orchestra a proof of his talent at a solemnity which took place during Passion week in the Catholic church. There the Lamentations of Jeremiah, consisting as it is well known of little sentences of four to five lines, were chanted to a definite rhythm as chorales. The tune consisted of four successive tones, for example, *c, d, e, f*; several words, indeed whole sentences being always sung upon the third, until a few concluding words led back into the ground tone. As the organ had to be silent during Passion week, the singer was only accompanied *ad libitum* by a pianist. Beethoven, upon whom this office devolved, contrived by his modulations in the accompaniment to throw the very accurate singer Heller so out of time, that he could not find the closing cadence. The kapellmeister Lucchesi, who was present, was amazed at Beethoven's playing. The latter was complained of by Heller, in the first ebullition of his rage, to the Elector, who, although pleased at the youthful wag-gery of the pianist, commanded a more simple accompaniment.

About this time also Beethoven became Chamber musician. One day he was playing *at sight* in a court circle a new Trio by Pleyel, together with FRANZ RIES, the first violinist of the Electoral Chapel, who died in his native city, Bonn, in 1845, and the celebrated BERNHARD ROMBERG, who closed his early career in 1841, at Hamburg. In the second part of the Adagio, the artists, if they were not together, did not break down; they played bravely on, and came out happily together. It was found afterwards that there had been two bars left out in the piano part. The Elector wondered very much about this work of Pleyel's, and a week afterwards caused it to be repeated, when the mystery was discovered, to the satisfaction of the prince.

It was on the first return of the famous JOSEPH HAYDN from England, in July, 1792, that the Elector's orchestra surprised him with some music at a breakfast at Godesberg; a summer place of resort near Bonn. Beethoven was very happy, when a Cantata of his composition, which he submitted to the great master, attracted the especial notice of Haydn, who encouraged the composer to continued studies. The intended performance of this cantata afterwards at Mer-

gentheim, where the Elector used to reside as grand master of the Germanic Order, fell through, because several passages for the wind instruments were so difficult, that several musicians declared they could not play them.

According to the judgment of one of his contemporaries, Beethoven's piano-playing, for which he was afterwards so celebrated, had at that time something rough and hard about it; he had never yet heard any excellent pianist and knew not the fine *nuances* in the treatment of the instrument. Not long afterwards, when he had composed his Variations, dedicated to the Countess von Hatzfeld, upon *Vieni amore*, a theme of Rhigini, he followed the electoral orchestra to Aschaffenburg. By Ries and the two Rombergs he was presented to the kapellmeister STERKEL, who died in 1817, in his native city, Würzburg. By repeated entreaties this then celebrated master was moved to play upon the piano. His performance was very easy and graceful. Beethoven stood by him with the most earnest attention. It was now his turn to play. He only consented to do so because Sterkel had intimated a doubt whether he himself, as the composer of the above-named Variations, could play them readily. Sterkel could not find them. But Beethoven played not only those Variations, so much as he remembered of them, but also several others, which were not less difficult, to the greatest amazement of the listeners, in the same graceful manner, by which he had been so much struck in Sterkel. He thus gave a proof, how easy it was for him to learn his manner of piano-playing from another.

At this time, however different it may have been in later years, it cost but little pains to persuade him to a musical performance. It only required a friendly invitation. So much the greater was his aversion to giving lessons, except those in the von Breuning family. Opposite the house of Madame von Breuning was the hotel of the Austrian ambassador, Count von Westphal. Beethoven could hardly be induced to continue the often interrupted lessons which he had commenced there. Frequently he turned back before the door of the hotel. Then he would promise Madame von Breuning, that he would give two hours' instruction on the following day, but that day it was impossible. His own rather narrow circumstances did not trouble him; but he was made anxious by the thought of his family, particularly of his mother, whom he deeply loved. A similar, if not even stronger aversion, to that for giving lessons, was felt by Beethoven in his later years against invitations to play the piano in company.

"Then he came to me," relates one of his friends, "gloomy and out of tune. He complained of their forcing him to play, even if the blood burned under his nails. Gradually a conversation was spun out between us, in the course of which I sought in a friendly way to entertain and quiet him. That end attained, I let the conversation drop. I seated myself at my writing-desk, and Beethoven, if he wanted to speak with me again, had to sit down upon the stool before the piano. Presently with a careless hand, often while turned away from the instrument, he would seize a couple of chords, out of which by little and little the loveliest melodies developed themselves. About his playing I must say little or nothing, even in passing. Beethoven now went off in an entirely changed mood, and always liked



to come back again. But that repugnance still remained, and frequently became the source for him of the greatest misunderstandings with his friends."

[To be continued.]

### Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri."

[ROBERT SCHUMANN is certainly one of the "best abused" and hated of all musical composers. Witness the following amusingly bitter protestations from that lamentable victim of the English bugbear about the "Music of the Future," the London *Musical World*.]

The last concert of the season, [of the Philharmonic Society,] which took place on Monday night, was certainly *unique*. The programme was entirely devoted to—

"*Paradise and the Peri*," a cantata for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, by Dr. Robert Schumann; the poetry from Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, translated and adapted to the music by William Bartholomew. First time of performance. Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett."

We do not remember any other composer besides Schumann to whom the whole programme of a concert has been assigned. No doubt "*Paradise and the Peri*" is a long work, which must necessarily preclude anything else being given on the same night. The Choral Symphony is a long work, too, but only one part of the programme is absorbed in its performance. There are many other compositions of length (and strength) which are dealt with by the society according to rule. If compassable within the ordinary duration for one part, they may be performed; if not, they are rejected. The new work of Dr. Schumann constituted an exception: why, we cannot make out, unless that it was given at the express desire of her Majesty, who attended, and who should have the privilege of constructing her own scheme, or, at least, of naming the principal *morceaux*. If, on the present occasion, Her Most Gracious Majesty named Dr. Schumann's "*Paradise and the Peri*," she was thereby the unconscious means of excluding anything else from the programme. We repeat, the concert was *unique*.

Mme. Goldschmidt's singing was entirely thrown away, the music of "*Paradise and the Peri*" being everywhere unvoiced, and scarcely anywhere interesting. Indeed, many who heard Jenny Lind for the first time, went away disappointed, having expected something very different from a singer of such colossal reputation. In short, a more dreary concert was never listened to at the Philharmonic.

Of the music of "*Paradise and the Peri*," it is not easy to speak. If judged by the standard of the great writers, it can hardly be considered music at all. It has nothing akin to Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Weber, Cherubini, Rossini, or any of those whom we have been taught to regard as the masters of the art. There is no melody, no form—nothing that "appeals" to the ear—nothing that touches the heart. Even the effects, to which the disciples of the new school point so triumphantly, are produced by means anything but legitimate. Dr. Schumann, in short, is not possessed of that musical organization, without which all the talent and ingenuity in the world avail nothing. He has mind—but his mind is not musical. He has power—but he lacks the instinct for music. He produces by some mysterious rule of his own; but nothing he does springs naturally from the heart. For years Schumann reigned a high authority on musical matters; but in an evil hour he fancied he could compose, and began, as he imagined, to exemplify his doctrines of taste by music of his own. Finding he could not follow in the path of the really great masters, he determined to strike out a new one for himself, which he effected accordingly in a totally opposite direction. The world will never be in want of those who think that whatever is new *must* be good, and that what is unintelligible must surely be profound. Dr. Schumann was hailed as an apostle of a new school, and became the

prophet of a certain clique. The new preacher, nevertheless, did not boast of many disciples; and Schumann was soon compelled to abdicate in favor of another apostle, who brought with him greater eloquence, subtlety, and daring, with an equal contempt for precedents. The old was deserted for the new; Schumann was dethroned, and Richard Wagner sat in his place. Such is a brief outline of Schumann's career. The asylum at Düsseldorf can tell the sequel.

The principal vocal performers in the Cantata were Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, Mr. Lockett, Madame Weiss, Mr. Benson, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Lawler. The orchestra and chorus were as zealous and careful as if they had to play the *Walpurgis Night* or the *Requiem*. The singers did their utmost. Professor Sterndale Bennett took immense pains, and never more earnestly strove for a success; but all would not do. There was no success—not even the shadow of a success. The applause at the end was faint, until the Queen arose to depart, when loyalty gave vent to that enthusiasm which the music itself failed to excite.

And yet Jenny Lind sang the last air—when the Peri has found the treasure which buys back her place in Eden—like a cherubim(?)

(From the same, June 28.)

Robert Schumann has had his innings, and been bowled out—like Richard Wagner. "*Paradise and the Peri*" has gone to the tomb of the "*Lohengrins*."

When, to drop metaphor, is all this trifling to cease? How many times more shall we have to insist that the new school—the school of "the Future"—will never do in England? If the Germans choose to muddle themselves with beer, smoke, and metaphysics, till all things appear to them through a distorted medium, or dimly suggested through a cloud of mist, there is no reason why sane and sober Britons should follow their example. The moon-struck zealots of Weimar, Halle, and Leipzig, have their Liszt, to (mis)guide them; but without a Liszt, who may "stand at our elbow and teach us what is *whole* and what *ouzel*" (*Athenæum*—"ante," page 786), it is impossible for ordinary thinkers to apprehend the meaning, if meaning there be, of such strange fish as Wagner, Schumann, Brahms, Franz and Co. Unhappily, or happily, we are unprovided with a jack-a-lantern. Thus, when listening to the music of such men, we are compelled to wander at random in a dark and impenetrable forest, without even a cheat of a will-o-the-wisp to deceive us for a moment into the notion that we are going somewhere, that we are really about to light upon an unseen path conducting to an outlet from the labyrinth of trees and undergrowth. We are lost, like the babes of the wood, when night approaches—seeing nothing but shadowy phantoms, hearing nothing but the howling of furious wolves, and the roaring of pitiless pards. Why then, we repeat, in the absence of Liszt—who will not travel from Weimar to London, and enlighten us, but sends us books which we cannot understand—why thus helplessly afflict us with Wagner and Schumann? We put it to Professor Bennett, who took such care to introduce the Peri in her best attire, that, but for her moral deformity, she might have passed for something decent and becoming—we put it to Professor Bennett, who has redeemed the Philharmonic sins by good works, and saved those who, justly, should have done penance in a winding sheet—we put it to Professor Bennett, a musician and composer of genius and attainments, who knew Mendelssohn intimately, and worships John Sebastian with his soul—to Professor Bennett, the champion of English instrumental music among foreigners, and the spoiled child of his own country—Professor Bennett, who was nurtured in harmony, and brought up in the path which all sincere musicians should tread—we put it to Bennett, whether such a tuneless rhapsody as "*Paradise and the Peri*" was fit for those whose delicate ears—during half a century, more or less—have been nourished with the pure, and sweet, and healthy strains of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn? We anticipate his answer—"No."

After the disastrous failure of Richard Wagner and his music, last season, there was no excuse for devoting a *whole concert* to the music of another composer of "the Future." Since these gentlemen have written for "the Future," let "the Future" enjoy the exclusive benefit of their inspirations. Why perturb and vex the Present to no purpose? The Present—as the most enthusiastic partisans of Schumann and Wagner admit, nay, insist—is incapable of fathoming the depths of their philosophy; all the length of line which it can throw out is insufficient to get half-way down to the bottom. To abandon it as hopeless, then, and rest satisfied with Mozart and his successors, would surely be the wiser course.

Such an experiment as that of Monday evening must not, on any account, be repeated. The Queen's visit and Jenny Lind's singing were almost rendered inflictions—since, as no one was willing to rise before Her Majesty had given the signal, or to quit the concert-room while Jenny Lind was in the orchestra, the inconveniently crowded audience was compelled by courtesy, if not by inclination, to remain till the end. Imagine—oh, uninitiated reader!—three uninterrupted hours of music "without form and void," three hours of organized sound *without a single tune*! We are not exaggerating, but stating a simple fact. Seriously, this passes the limits of toleration. It was sad to listen to the efforts of Mme. Goldschmidt Lind and her associates—so clever, intelligent, and zealous—to give life to music which has no more spark of vitality than a corpse; it was painful to view the care-stricken countenance of the conductor, who with an "anxious polyscopy," natural under the circumstances, surveyed now the band and chorus under his control, now Jenny Lind and her vocal fellow-sufferers, now the Queen and her most musical Consort, and now the poor subscribers, half suffocated and half asleep—as though fearful that in spite of all his toil and trouble, the *cantata* would sooner or later go to pieces. Poor Professor Bennett! His task was not an enviable one—before the Queen, too, in presence of the "Nightingale," and with Mr. Costa, all eyes and ears, among the audience.

Last year Richard Wagner very nearly annihilated the Philharmonic. Luckily he did not *quite*. But, now that Wagner has returned to Zurich, never again to be summoned "to the rescue," if Robert Schumann is allowed to represent the school of "the Future" (not as conductor, of course, but as composer), a still greater peril will be incurred—for, though Richard is more subtle, uncompromising, arrogant, and fearless, Robert is more specious. His music, at times, more nearly resembles music than the monstrous combinations of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*; yet inasmuch as, in principle, it is just as vicious and bad, for that reason it is all the more dangerous.

### Paradise, or Purgatory?

[From Punch.]

Being particularly desirous to know what kind of a musical dish the Philharmonic Society had set before the Queen and the subscribers at the concluding concert, Mr. Punch on the following morning sent for the two journals in which the two ablest musical critics of the day keep watch and ward. The great and important novelty of the night was a composition, called "*Paradise and the Peri*," by Dr. Schumann, and Mr. Punch's mind was thus set at rest, and his curiosity satisfactorily met.

The *Daily News* says:

"From the impression on ourselves, as well as the evident effect on a highly critical audience, we believe '*Paradise and the Peri*' to be a work of great genius and power, of which the beauties will develop themselves more and more as it is oftener heard and better understood."

The *Times* says:

"We have only to add that '*Paradise and the Peri*,' as a musical composition, is destitute of invention, and wanting in intelligible form. In short, any thing so hopelessly dreary, so wholly made up of shreds and patches, so ill-defined, so generally uninteresting,—we have rarely heard."

And the question being thus decided, and the

foolish idea of the heterodox, who think that there is no such thing as an absolute fact in musical art, being thus overthrown, Mr. Punch is happy to place on imperishable record the opinions of his brother critics, with whom, he begs to add, that he cordially agrees, without having heard the composition they describe.

### Objects of Musical Education, and their Time.

By DR. A. B. MARX.\*

What is to be learned, and which is the proper time for each kind of instruction? These questions, of the utmost importance in their minutest particulars, demand the gravest and most searching consideration from parents and teachers when they have determined to dedicate a child to musical education. To professors of music, these questions must always be of the highest interest. In order to point out, at least, the most important periods, we will take a cursory view of all the relationships and circumstances of musical employment, whether as a profession or otherwise.

We must, in the first place, clear away a deep and widely diffused prejudice. On the question being asked: What ought to be learned in music? it is usual, particularly among teachers, to make a distinction between those persons who make music a profession, and those who cultivate it merely for pleasure and general humanizing education; between future professional men and mere amateurs. The former, according to the judgment of the teachers, ought to be *fundamentally*—the latter, however, only *superficially*, or less fundamentally instructed. This distinction is one of the most erroneous and destructive that ever crept into discipline. That education alone is beneficially fruitful which is most perfectly grounded; and what is more, it is the easiest, and consumes the least time. In order to be convinced of the truth of these assertions, it is only necessary to have a right understanding of the nature of this fundamental knowledge; not of the false pedantry which assumes its name (and is as useless to the professional man as to the amateur), but of the study absolutely necessary for the comprehension of the real nature of the science, of the close connection of all that is essential, and of the constant and rational development of one form or figure from another, so that the preceding form necessarily leads on the succeeding, and the succeeding form is always prepared and facilitated by the preceding.

Between the instruction of the artist and of the amateur there is only this difference—that the latter may discontinue his pursuit of the science earlier than the former, at any point or position of artistic power he may choose to fix; whereas the artist is necessarily obliged to dedicate himself entirely, once and for ever, to the art of his election.

Now to return to our own proper question—What is to be learned, and which is the right time for each study?

#### I. Song.

We have already said that, if possible, every one should learn music: we now pronounce our opinion more specially, that *every one, if possible, should learn singing*. Song is man's own true peculiar music. The voice is our own peculiar connate instrument—it is much more—it is the *living sympathetic organ of our souls*. Whatever moves within us, whatever sensation or emotion we feel, becomes immediately embodied and perceptible in our voice; and so, indeed, the voice and song, as we may observe in the earliest infancy, are our first poetry and the most faithful companions of our feelings, until the "shrill pipe of tremulous age." If, as in song, properly so called, music and speech be lovingly united, and the

words be those of a true poet, then is consummated the most intimate union of mind and soul, of understanding and feeling—that combined unity, in which the whole power of the human being is exhibited, and exerts upon the singer and the hearer that wonderful might of song, which by infant nations was considered, not quite untruly, as supernatural; and whose softened, and therefore, perhaps, more beneficent influence now contributes to social elevation and moral improvement.

Song is the most appropriate treasure of the solitary, and it is at the same time the most stringent and forcible bond of companionship, even from the jovial or the sentimental popular catch of the booth, to the sublime creations of genius resounding from congregated artistic thousands assembled by one common impulse in the solemn cathedral. Devotion in our churches becomes more edifying; our popular festivals and days of enjoyment become more mannerly and animated; our social meetings more lively and intellectually joyful; our whole life, in short, becomes more elevated and cheerful by the spread of the love of song and of the power of singing among the greatest possible number of individuals. And these individuals will feel themselves more intimately connected with society, more largely participating in its benefits, of more worth in it and gaining more in it and gaining more by it, when they unite their voices in the social harmony of their friends.

To the musician, but more especially to the composer, song is an almost irreplaceable and indispensable means of calling forth and seizing the most delicate, tender, and deepest strains of feeling from our inmost sensations. No instrument can be a substitute for song, the immediate creation of our own soul in our own breast; we can have no deeper impression of the relations of sound, of the power of melody; we cannot work more effectively upon our own souls and upon those of our hearers than by heartfelt song.

Every friend of music, therefore, should sing; and every musician, who has a tolerable voice, should be a master of song in every branch. Song should, also, in the order of time, be our first musical exercise. This should begin in the earliest childhood, in the third to the fifth year, if it be not possible earlier; but not in the form of instruction. The song of the mother, which hallures imitation, the joyful circle of children playing together, is the first natural singing school, where, without notes or masters, simply according to hearing and fancy, the fibres of the soul are first freely excited and set in vibration. Instruction in music, properly so called, should not in general begin until the second step of life's ladder, between the seventh and fourteenth years.

By far the greatest number of individuals have sufficient qualifications of voice for singing, and to justify their pursuit of the art with reasonable hope of success. Indeed, very considerable and valuable vocal faculties are much more common than is generally imagined. There is certainly less deficiency of natural gifts than of persons observant and talented enough to discover, to foster, and to cultivate them. In the meantime, if indeed every one have not disposition and means (and good fortune) to become of some consequence as a singer, let us consider that even with an inconsiderable voice, much of the most touching and joy-inspiring capabilities may be attained, if feeling, artistic cultivation, and a vivid conception speak through a medium but slenderly endowed. Why should any one be dissatisfied if small means and trouble have made him capable of touching our hearts with a joyful or tender song; or have enabled him to participate skilfully in the choral assemblies of his fellow citizens? Whether it may be advisable to proceed farther in singing and the cultivation of the voice, must be decided by the circumstances and inclinations of each individual. From composers, conductors, and higher masters, a complete knowledge of everything belonging to singing is to be absolutely demanded, and also practical execution thereof; unless, indeed, organic defect should render it to them impossible. A composer who does not expressly study singing, and practise it as far as

possible, will scarcely be able to write for the voice; he will with difficulty acquire the more delicate musical declamation; he will never become entire master of the life-like conducting of the voice, which is something far different from mere correctness.

#### II. PLAYING ON THE PIANO.

After singing, the command of the pianoforte is our most essential qualification, and among us is so considered. The piano is the only instrument, excepting the scarcely accessible organ, on which melody and harmony, and the rich web of combined and simultaneous voices, or parts, can be produced with accuracy and almost unlimited magnificence of effect. It is also highly adapted to accompanying song, and to conducting. From these advantages it has happened, that for this single instrument more masterpieces have been written, since the time of Seb. Bach up to Beethoven, than for all other instruments put together. Most songs have been composed with accompaniment for that instrument—organ parts can be transferred without any change—and whatever quartet and orchestral music found favor with the public, was immediately presented to pianoforte players in the form of arrangements, &c. Therefore, no branch of practice can promise so rich a harvest as piano playing; and it must be acknowledged, that, without so abundant a field, any extended acquaintance with our musical literature would be scarcely possible to the world in general. To the composer this instrument is nearly indispensable, partly on the foregoing grounds, and partly because no other is so appropriate, both for exercising and exciting his own imagination and for proving the effect of many-part compositions. It is equally important to the conductor and to the singing master. Even its defects are advantages to musical education, and particularly to the composer. The pianoforte is greatly inferior to bowed and wind instruments in inward feeling and power of *tone* or quality of sound, in the power of sustaining a *tone* in equality of force, in crescendo or in diminuendo, in melting two or more *tones* into each other, and in gliding imperceptibly from the one to the other, all which so admirably succeeds on bowed instruments. The piano does not fully satisfy the ear: its performance, compared to that of bowed and wind instruments, is in a manner colorless, and its effect, in comparison with the resplendence of an orchestra, is as a drawing to a painting. But exactly on this account the piano moves more powerfully the creative faculty of both player and hearer; for it requires their assistance to complete and color, to give full significance to that which is but spiritually indicated. Thus imagination fosters the new idea, and penetrates therewith to our hearts; while other instruments immediately seize, and move, and satisfy the senses, and by their means attack the feelings more powerfully, perhaps, in a sensuous direction, but not so fruitfully in the soul. This is probably the chief reason why the piano has become the especial instrument for spiritually musical education, and particularly for composition; since other instruments easily overcome their votaries, whom they seduce into their own instrumental peculiarities, and create a one-sided mannerism in their productions.

For the earliest instruction, also, the piano has the advantage (good tuning being supposed) of presenting to the pupil correct *tones*, and a clear insight into the tonic system by the key-board.

But just from this point arises the important quality of the instrument, which may be perilous to all the real advantages derived from it, unless it be sedulously counteracted; and this, we must confess, is at present but little thought of—nay, indeed, that dangerous quality is speculated on, and an entirely false system of education is built on it for outward show, through whose apparent advantages even the true artistic education is represented in a false light, as ignorant and baneful. Since the pianoforte has its fixed *tones* provided, it is easier to play upon this instrument than upon any other, without any internal feeling of correctness of *tone*, or even without hearing, and to arrive at a certain degree of mechanical dexterity. How often do we meet ready piano

\* General Musical Instruction. (*Allgemeine Musiklehre*.) An Aid to Teachers and Learners in every branch of Musical Knowledge. By Dr. Adolf Bernhard Marx, Professor of Music in Berlin. Translated, by George Macrone, from the original German, expressly for Novello's Library for the Diffusion of Musical Knowledge. The musical portion has been revised by Mr. Josiah Pittman, Organist of Lincoln's Inn. London and New York: J. Alfred Novello.



players, who, from want of a cultivated feeling of *tone*, are incapable of singing a correct succession of *tones*, or of imagining it, who have no clear notion of what they are playing—nay, who in reality hear nothing correctly! How many bravura players might one name, to whom the artistic meaning of a simple movement remains a sealed book, and who therefore perform the greatest and the least compositions, with assumption and vanity indeed, but without awakening joy in themselves or in their audience, but merely a fruitless astonishment at their technical cleverness! And how deep has this perversion of art into dead mechanism penetrated into artistic life! Whoever has an opportunity of observing many students of music and their teachers, cannot conceal from himself that at present, particularly in large towns devoted to vanity and fashion, the greater part of the pianoforte students are in this manner led astray; and that a great part of the teachers are themselves ignorant of the right path, or otherwise have not the courage to oppose the stream of fashion, or the allurements of example and personal advantage.

If, however, satisfactory instruction is not to be expected from all masters, nor every student is to hope for the choice of a good master, there remains still a tolerably sure method of guarding against this wide-spread evil. It consists in rigidly examining the work, which is exacted from the pupil, in the pupil himself, and his parents or preceptor insisting absolutely that the teacher shall furnish really profitable work; or, if that cannot be secured with certainty, in seeking immediately another teacher more trustworthy to his art.

[To be continued.]

**BIRD CONCERTS.**—At Verviers, in Belgium, another species of sport and amusement has become altogether fashionable. The Belgians are not fond of hunting; they are partial to birds, not for masticatory purposes, but in order to hear them sing. On Sunday last a grand concert of *linnets* took place at Verviers, at the residence of Mr. Henry Talurasse. The linnets belonging to Mr. Jean Haizé, a butcher, having performed fifty-five *quoting-sages* in two hours, carried off the first prize, consisting of a gold medal and a ham. The word *quoting-sage* signifies song, musical flourish. The second prize was awarded to a linnets belonging to Mr. Henry Hanlet, having executed fifty-three flourishes, and the third to a linnets belonging to Mr. Henry Talurasse. Numerous amateurs from Spa, Lieges, and the surrounding country attended this interesting concert. The sport is a singular one, but *de gustibus non est disputandum*.—N. O. Delta.

### Brass! Brass! again.

[A friend (whose style sounds wondrously familiar) writes Willis's *Musical World* the following letter about the Commencement music at Cambridge.]

Last week we had commencement—commencement at old Harvard—and as usual, a Boston band assisted at the exercises. But—Ichabod!—the glory has departed. Brass, brass, brass,—nothing but brass. Brass led the procession from the library to the church—brass stood in the entry, and blew and blew—as we advanced to our pews. Brass clashed, and drums cracked the drums of our ears as we entered the doors. Brass led us to the dinner in Harvard Hall—brass gave us sentimental melodies in the President's yard in the evening—all is brass now-a-days—nothing but brass.

Brass plays upon the Common in Boston, evenings. Brass leads off our military and civic and political processions—brass is everywhere, and nothing but brass. God grant, that the disease among the bands do not become chronic. I remember, I remember—when the old Brigade band was our principal delight in musical matters—dulcet flutes, tender hautbois, manly clarinets, solemn bassoons, melting horns, soul-stirring bugles, all joined in the harmony, and filled my soul with delight. But now—oh, no, I cannot mention it—without inwardly execrating Sax! In the history of Tom Thumb, we read that he was the son of a trumpeter, in Queen Anne's service, who might have lived to this day had he not blown his breath away! When I hear this continual braying of brass, I silently pray that the fate of the elder Thumb soon overtake these followers of Sax.

Dwight begs, entreats, prays for a return of the olden time—all in vain: the multitude is satisfied—what though the few are discontented? Really, though, the matter is becoming serious. At this rate, in a few years wood instruments will become unknown, and we shall have to go to Europe to learn how one sounds. Like the singing of men's voices, a brass band occasionally is very beautiful and satisfying; but as in the one case the ear becomes weary, and longs for the soprano voice; so, in the other, we want the soft voices of the wood.

There is one kind of brass music which I never hear here—wonderful for its effect upon the feelings. You can recall, doubtless, from your experience abroad, the thrill which has gone through you as in some narrow street of an ancient European city, suddenly you met a funeral procession, and the long-drawn notes of an old Lutheran chorale arose from the deep-voiced horns, trombones and trumpets. The feeble Sax-horn found no place there, but the bold, manly tones of those old-fashioned, masculine brass instruments, playing the harmonies of Bach, Mozart, Strauss, were pervaded with a solemnity and grandeur for which we sigh here in vain. Here is a legitimate use for brass. But why try to make it the only music?

The music on Boston Common, these moonlight evenings, calls out a vast number of people—many of whom go to hear. Now and then comes up some favorite waltz or song,—then it is fun to hear the applause; but the whining sentimental ditties from operas do not always take. I am glad of it. It is a good sign. The music which takes best is that which is good in its way—that which is genuine. A march, waltz, quickstep, or negro melody, which is the true thing—which has the real spirit of the march, waltz, or quickstep—is sure to be liked. There is taste enough—I only ask that this taste should be cultivated; and this might easily be done by having a full band instead of half a one; and in giving us band music more, and poor vocal music, imitated on brass instruments, less.

One of the Boston German singing societies came out on Commencement evening, and sang in the College yard. It was good, and reminded me of old Germany. Good as it was, much as I liked it, still I am not anxious to have this style of music much cultivated in this country; now that I love Caesar less, but Rome more. I do not call men's choruses bad, but mixed choruses better—as long as young men and women can mingle so freely as our New England habits now allow, we need not give up the beauty of the true soprano.

### Descriptive Music.

A great rage has arisen, in modern days, for giving instrumental music what is called a "descriptive" character; and this rage is now about reaching its maximum intensity. It has been thought not enough that music should excite *emotions* in the mind; but it has been desired to make it also suggest ideas of *facts*, which is quite a different office. Emotions must necessarily be produced by the concord of sweet sounds; and happily it is the province of all good music, whether pure or mixed, vocal or instrumental, to excite in us feelings and sensations of the highest and noblest order. But the advocates of descriptive music are not content with this; they wish to make it perform a work altogether different—namely, to excite in the hearers ideas of things properly cognizable only by other senses than that of hearing. For by descriptive music we do not mean that which is *imitative* only, such as the expression of the warbling of birds by a shake on the flute, or the roll of thunder by a *tremolo* on the drums; this parrot-mocking of sounds is of the lowest grade, and scarcely worthy of serious mention; but the true descriptive music is of a much better class, and, from the patronage it has received from the best writers, is worthy of much higher esteem.

A few examples will show this, and will at the same time illustrate our meaning clearly. In Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, the chorus, "He sent a thick darkness," is a sublime attempt to give, by the character of the music, an idea of intense gloom—"even darkness which might be felt." There is no proper connection between sound and optics; but few fail to appreciate the merit either of this or of other great descriptive music in the same oratorio. Haydn's representation of Chaos is an effort to raise in the mind ideas analogous to a state of formless, incoherent disorder; and,

though to do this well lay beyond the composer's power, there are good points in the composition; as, for instance, the snatches of melody, intended no doubt to symbol the existence, in the midst of the chaos, of the *materials* from which a fair and happy world should hereafter be formed. There are many other examples of true descriptive music in this Oratorio, mixed however with much of a lower grade. We may content ourselves with a mere allusion to the exquisite dramatic music of Weber, symbolic equally of earthly scenes and unearthly fancies, and refer to—what is by far the grandest of all descriptive compositions—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. And this is more to our purpose, as it is purely instrumental; it depends only on inarticulate sounds, having no libretto, save the few introductory words attached by the composer to make his intentions more clear. There is much misunderstanding about the nature of the descriptiveness in this Symphony, even among some musically educated persons, who, judging by one or two exceptional parts, imagine the representation to consist of mere imitations of sounds, the kind of music we have already condemned. But this is a great mistake; the only portions amenable to this charge are the drums in the storm, and the bird passage at the end of the slow movement. Now, if the former were the only, or even the principal, feature, to indicate the confusion of the elements, it would be certainly puerile; but it is in reality quite subordinate; and as of course the drums must be included, they are skilfully given just that to do for which they are most suitable. As to the nightingale, wagtail, and cuckoo passage, we cannot defend it; we always wish it was not there, as compromising the dignity of the composition; and it is so obviously an episode, that we indulge a fancy it may have been a subsequent interpolation, added perhaps at the instance of some of the composer's romantic lady friends, who thought the presence of good unmistakable birds essential to complete the idea of the wood beside the murmuring stream. We firmly believe that if Beethoven had sincerely approved this style of description, he would have introduced the warblers into the body of the composition, as Spohr has done in *Die Weihe der Töne*. But putting these trifles aside, what a magical composition is this Pastoral Symphony! How true the depiction of the "*heitere Empfindungen*" (the word *heitere* has no correct equivalent in English), awakened by the arrival in the country! How gorgeous the natural coloring of the scene by the rivulet! How joyous the abandon of the dance of the peasants;—and then the storm! What a stupendous exercise of musical genius! This movement alone is a study for a lifetime; it is the climax of the power of legitimate musical description; for it might easily be shown that, strong as is the temptation offered by a storm for unworthy devices, there is scarcely a note of Beethoven's that is not pure music of the noblest kind! Only compare with it an analogous work of another composer of no mean order, the triton among the minnows of Italian Opera, Rossini, and see how poor the *Guillaume Tell* storm appears by its side!

(Conclusion next week.)

**CRAWFORD, THE SCULPTOR.**—A private letter from Munich gives a charming account of a little impromptu *fête* in honor of our countryman, Crawford, who arrived last week in the Fulton. Müller, the master of the celebrated Foundry, invited the sculptor and a few friends to see the newly-cast statue of Washington by lamplight. Accordingly thirty or forty artists and gentlemen entered the building after dark, and beheld the grand bronze figure exposed to view, against a dark-green curtain, and by the somewhat misty illumination of a few scattered lamps; the effect was quite solemn. The grand proportions of the statue half revealed, the dusky space around and the sombre back-ground gave it a spectral sublimity, like Don Giovanni in the opera. The guests formed a silent and attentive circle, with the artist in the centre; they sang, with impressive accord, an appropriate *canzone*, and, as the chorus died away, Müller stepped forth with an enormous glass of beer in his hand; he addressed

the company and complimented the artist; each person then drank from the huge goblet to Crawford's health and prosperity. Suddenly a Benzal light flashed a noon-day radiance on the statue, where majestic grace and impressed dignity were thus revealed, as it were, by enchantment; cheer after cheer broke from the electrified assembly. They escorted Crawford to Müller's house, each bearing a lighted taper;—there a supper awaited them. Mrs. Crawford's health was drunk with enthusiasm, and speeches, songs and congratulations gaily closed this truly German fête.—*Corr. Boston Transcript.*

#### German Opinions on Crawford's Washington.

The *Evening Post* translates from the *Allgemeine Zeitung* two opinions on Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington. The first is as follows.

Several journals have already criticised Crawford's statue of Washington, expressing themselves both favorably and unfavorably towards it. The magnitude of this work of art, which is destined to occupy a distinguished place among modern statuary, must be our excuse for venturing once more to give our opinion of its merits.

Crawford has already shown, at the last German Exhibition of Industry, in his strongly contrasted statues of Henry and Jefferson—the one fiery and enthusiastic, the other thoughtful and calm—that he is entitled to rank among the most eminent of living sculptors, and he could, therefore, fear no comparison with his brother artists. But to compare him with Thorwaldsen and Rauch, because he equals them in many respects, is unjust to all parties.

We see in Crawford a sculptor of spirit and patriotic sentiment, both qualities being conspicuous in all his works; but he possesses sound judgment also, and with his acknowledged talent for individualizing plastic forms, we had a right to expect that in his Washington monument, the principal figures as well as the side figures would be properly conceived. Equestrian statues present unusual difficulties to the artist, who must represent the animal in motion, and yet in perfect rest, in order to give a proper conception of the figure. Crawford chose a position, which makes the horse rest with all his weight upon his left hind and right forefoot. The artist wished to show by this beautiful position the spiritual movement of the horse, full of the ardor of combat, and yet under the perfect control of his rider; and it is the execution of this double design in this excellent work that we regard as the least successful part of it.

On the one hand are to be noticed the unplastic appearance of the elevated right hind foot and the too violent movement of the stretched left fore foot of the horse; on the other hand, the curve of the neck, which is natural beyond doubt, but yet not æsthetic, because it covers the rider, the principal figure, if seen in front. One word on the rather clumsy management of the unnaturally swollen veins on the throat of the horse will complete all we have to say of the principal faults of a work which is destined to occupy an honorable place among the trophies of modern plastic art.

Another critic of the same sheet writes from Munich:

"The unfavorable opinion which one of your correspondents has expressed of Crawford's masterpiece, has brought the whole population of Munich, in the midst of a pouring rain, to the royal foundry, and they have expressed their indignation, without reserve. Although the illustrious names of Thorwaldsen and Rauch, have been mentioned in connection with that of the American artist, whose whole desire is to render himself perfect in his art, it has failed to change the favorable opinion of Crawford's Washington. The overwhelming admiration which this colossal work excites in the beholder, renders a timid searching for small faults impossible. The easy position of the horse, so full of animation, is wonderfully true to nature. In the noble attitude of the rider, Crawford shows the hero who commands

on the battle-field, the man of courage and of iron will; he despises the stale accessory of drapery, and nothing conceals the rider's manly form, clothed in the historical costume of his time. Crawford held strictly, in form and treatment, the middle ground between the stiffness of antique models and the extravagant naturalism of modern, and particularly of French artists.

"It is with regret that we leave this noble statue, whose perfect proportions never awaken in the mind that feeling of oppressiveness which a colossal figure naturally produces. (The statue is twenty-two feet high, and weighs 21,000 pounds.) If America does not receive a masterpiece of Thorwaldsen or Rauch, it receives a masterpiece of Crawford, of which King Maximilian said: 'I wish it could remain here to ornament Munich.'"

### Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 2, 1856.

#### To our Subscribers and Advertisers.

We have to remind many of our patrons that our terms are, *payment in advance*; yet very many are still in arrears not only for the present year, (which commenced in April,) but for one and even two years past. Bills have been sent to all since April, and it is hoped that those who have not already done their duty in this matter, will soon do so by remitting the amounts due, by mail, or otherwise.

☞ Money letters by mail should always be registered; in that way only can money be remitted at our risk.

THE "LIFE OF BEETHOVEN," which we have commenced translating in the present number, is one which we have found prefixed to one of the volumes of the new stereotype edition of the Piano-forte Sonatas, published at Wolfenbüttel, Germany. For a biography of moderate length, and suitable for a weekly journal like ours, it is about the best that has appeared. It is to be sure a matter of fact sort of affair, and its author seems to be one of the careful, industrious, dry literary hacks of Germany. It is not a Life in the artistic sense of the word, a life made alive by the reproductive imagination, the sympathetic feeling and insight of the writer. It is not made interesting and living by sparks of poetry and fancy, or by subtle metaphysical appreciation of genius and character. When it aspires beyond plain narrative of fact, as in the introductory sentence, which we translate literally, it is with an awkward grace.

But in the matter of its facts, it is, we are assured by those who should know best, remarkably complete (for its length) and reliable. And this is what our readers will most prize. Here is not a fine poetic tribute, in the shape of a biography, to the great master whom we all revere, such as LISZT paid to CHOPIN, OULIBICHEFF to MOZART, or CARLYLE to SCHILLER. But here are brought together in convenient shape and size, for reference, the authentic facts, so far as known, of the artistic career of Beethoven. Even the particularity of dates about the persons incidentally mentioned, dry as it may make the story, adds to its value as a work of reference. And a work of reference is what we want. We may find more,—if not a well-digested life, yet certainly much that is extremely interesting about Beethoven,—in the Life by MOSCHELES;—a work however almost out of print. The truth is, a satisfactory biography of Beethoven, one really

worthy of the subject, and accepted as a standard work, does not yet exist. We look forward, as all admirers of Beethoven in this country must do, to the long promised biography by an American, our own "Diarrist," who has been devoting the best years of his life with pains-taking earnestness to the collecting and mastering of all the materials to be found in Germany for the composition of the true life of Beethoven. His explorations were nearly completed, when he was obliged, in order to recruit his health and give rest to an over-taxed brain, to come home for the summer months. He will return to Europe in the autumn, and a few months passed in Vienna will complete his long researches. May he then have strength and inspiration to fuse the materials into the book we want, and give it to us speedily!

The present biographer (Dr. Döring) has certainly in one respect discharged his duty well and wisely. He has allowed Beethoven to speak for himself, by frequent citations from his letters. This in itself goes far to clothe the dry bones of fact with flesh and blood. And for the rest have we not the very soul of the composer in his music? Have we not the immortal symphonies? Have we not the thirty piano-forte Sonatas, and the Trios and the Quartets, and the "Egmont" music, and the "Fidelio," unspent vibrations from the very chords of his own life and inmost experience? Have we not the "Choral Symphony?" And shall we not have every year the privilege of listening to it and to all the symphonies, here in our Music Hall, with CRAWFORD's noble statue of the man rising before us in the midst of his interpreters?

#### Musical Party Warfare.

On another page we copy some curious articles about the recent performance of ROBERT SCHUMANN's "Paradise and the Peri," in London. Those from the *Musical World*, like the articles in the same journal last year about Richard Wagner, manifest a disposition to find nothing good in any music emanating from certain recent German composers, whom it is pleased to sweep together into one category, called sarcastically the "Music of the Future." Mr. CHORLEY, of the *Athenæum*, is equally bitter and systematically opposed to whatsoever hails from that quarter. So is the musical critic of the *Times*, and so are most of the musical oracles of England; while at the same time they claim MENDELSSOHN to themselves, set him up as the model and *ne plus ultra* of a musician, and abuse the Germans for not publishing every MS. work or sketch he left behind him, good, bad or indifferent.

Of the particular merits or demerits of "Paradise and the Peri," the three hours long Cantata, we cannot speak, since we are not familiar with the work. We only know that in Germany, where there are as good judges of music as there are in England, the work has been over and over brought out with acceptance, and spoken of with admiration in the best critical journals. As to the utter lack of melody complained of, the "three hours of organized sound without a single tune," those of our readers who were so fortunate as to be present at a certain private concert held in Chickering's rooms last winter, and to hear the "Chorus of Hours" from the work in question, will be slow to chime in with the complaint so far



as that piece is concerned, and remembering that experience, will be apt to take the English report with some grains of allowance. Moreover we have heard more than one intelligent German say, that in musical ideas Schumann is rich to overflowing, that his chief short-coming has been in the art of using them to the best advantage; that, given half the ideas found in "Paradise and the Peri," Mendelssohn by his consummate treatment would have produced a wonder of the world.

But this we do know. We have come in contact with Robert Schumann's creative genius at enough points to know, that he is not to be set aside as nought by any dictum of an English or an old-school prejudice. We have heard and have enjoyed and been inspired by—and so have not a few of our readers—a symphony of his, a piano Quintet of his, a great variety of his compositions for the piano alone, which, if they were in some respects strange, have yet left a deep impression, and a desire, which grows by every hearing, to listen to them again. He has composed songs surely, which are among the most beautiful and full of melody and feeling that we know, and which "appeal," (to use the *Musical World's* expression,) to both ear and heart. Therefore the wholesale condemnation of the London critics makes us suspect there may be something of these qualities in "Paradise and the Peri." To take a somewhat analogous case in literature, such abuse is probably worth just about as much as some of the slashing criticisms upon Robert Browning.

But the most striking folly and injustice of this partisan warfare is the absurd way in which it confounds together composers who are most essentially unlike. New School and Old School become mere catch-words, mutual bugbears, and whatever is not wholly of the one is set down as wholly of the other, whose is not for us is against us, and so the thorough-going partisan sees only one indefinite level in all his adversaries and has but one name for the host of them. "Wagner, Schumann, Brahms, Franz & Co!" There is a combination for you! "Music of the Future!" It is mere calling names. It is like the blind and absurd way of calling people "Transcendentalists" in this country when they show any individuality of thought. For Schumann is no more like Wagner, than Mendelssohn is like Wagner. Their adventurousness, their Beethoven-like unwillingness to be mere copyists, is about all they have in common. Of the young Brahms we know but little; but we presume it is enough for the London critics' purpose, that Schumann happened to admire him and anticipate great things of him. As to Robert Franz, he surely is not in any way of kindred tendency with Wagner. His songs are entirely *sui generis*, as much remarkable for their even classical perfection of form and harmony, as for their peculiar genius. And when he has written for many voices, as hymns, a Kyrie, &c., there is no master with whom he seems so kindred as with the most classic of the classics, old Sebastian Bach!

THE GREAT ORGAN AT FREYBURG.—As everything relating to the world's great organs derives a peculiar interest here, just now, from the discussion of the Music Hall Organ question, we take pleasure in presenting the following extract from a private letter, dated Freyburg, July 5, 1856.

"But the famous organ, built by Mooser, was the great attraction, and is considered one of the finest, if not the finest in Europe. Certain it is, I felt that

I had never heard anything that could be called an organ before, fine as some of ours are. We made a large party of strangers from our hotel, and paying a fee of one franc each, at the appointed hour, eight o'clock, P. M., we entered the church, taking seats as far from the organ as possible. The music selected is always that which will best exhibit the wonderful powers of the instrument; but it was so perfectly played that it had not the effect of anything like clap-trap.

"First we had the national song of Austria, a charming air, followed by variations upon it, of the organist's own composition, infinite in changes. The last piece was also of his composition, representing a storm, as it commences in the distance and draws gradually near a convent among the mountains. Sighings and gusts of wind are heard, and low, smothered roarings—flashes of lightning—rumbling thunder, driving rain and fierce howlings, as of a terrible hurricane. Through all this, occasionally was heard the prayer of a single monk or nun, in the sweetest, most plaintive of melodies, represented by so close an imitation of the human voice, that we could hardly believe there was not a company of singers up in the dimly lighted organ-loft. And then all the voices would seem to join in grand chorus to finish the evening vespers. All the while, above the roar of the fierce tempest, and the songs of the monks, tolled a bell, signaling to the weather-beaten traveller that a refuge was near.

"I had heard great playing, I had thought, at home, and splendid organs; but this surpassed all my ideas of what an organ might be. You know, in America, when anything is undertaken to show what a player can do with his hands and feet, our organs do not seem to join in the display: they make a great noise, but the sounds jump, particularly in the playing of accompaniments. There was nothing of the sort here. We were entranced, as we sat listening in the old cathedral, till the twilight had died away entirely, and there was nothing to be seen save the glimmering light far up in the organ-loft, which cast but faint shadows through the gloomy aisles. But the music of that glorious organ—shall I ever hear anything like it again on earth?"

#### Beethoven's Sonatas.—A Card.

The subscribers to the new German stereotype edition of Beethoven's Piano-forte Sonatas, are respectfully informed that a case of them has arrived, and that they are ready for delivery at the office of this Journal, 21 School St. The undersigned regrets exceedingly the long delay which has attended their passage to this country, arising from their having been forwarded by a sailing vessel. A. W. THAYER.

#### Musical Review.

##### SHEET MUSIC.

(Published by Oliver Ditson.)

*Un Soir sur le Alpes: Nocturne, pour le piano.* By CHARLES MEINERTH. pp. 5.

Quite a sweet and graceful little Nocturne, which indicates a refined musical feeling, as well as careful, conscientious writing, it being a regular piece of four-part harmony. It is not difficult, but must be played with expression, and due attention to the four parts.

(Published by Geo. P. Reed & Co.)

*Good Night, my Heart (Gute Nacht, mein Herz).* No. 2, of Six Songs by ROBERT FRANZ, with English and German words. pp. 3. Price 25 cents.

This is one of those sweet, sad little songs, so full of feeling, in which Franz, with the highest refinement of art, seems still to have caught the natural melody of the people. It is taken from his 12th opus, and not from the first, as indicated at the head of this reprint. The tune repeats itself thrice, with some variation at the close, to verses by the German

poet Geibel. Franz is very faithful always to his poet. The English translator therefore has a nice task to perform. In the main it is well done in this instance, only with a sacrifice of the double endings, and of some little felicities in the fitting of verbal to musical accents, by which Franz develops the melody as it were out of the words. Both sense and accent protest against this:

Thy pains, thy pains, thy joys are dead,  
The songs of Spring are o'er,  
For the love's rose, so purple red,  
Shall bloom, shall bloom no more.

Instead of "For the love's rose," read "The rose of love." And then that repetition of "thy pains" is bad. We mention these little things, because in the Franz songs poetry and music are alike important. But the German words are also here, and every singer who shall learn the little song will be richly rewarded. It is one of the easier ones.

*Tone Blossoms: Six Characteristic Pieces, for the Piano,* by F. SPINDLER. No. 5, "Lily," pp. 3. Price 20 cts.

A cheerful little six-eight melody, running and leaping in sparkling semi-quavers, with common-chord guitar-like accompaniment for the most part. Pretty enough, good for practice to cultivate a light and graceful finger, but not especially "characteristic" of "lilies," or aught else, that we perceive.

*Beauties of Mozart and Beethoven, in the form of Petites Fantaisies for Young Pianists.* By TH. OESTEN. No. 2, "Dearest Maiden," by MOZART. pp. 5.

The piece before us is a simple sort of child's melody, unmistakably Mozart, with introduction and several pretty variations and finale. Of medium difficulty, and good for practice. The subjects of the rest of the series are to be drawn from a curious variety of sources, from the operas, violin quintets, septuor, &c. of Beethoven and Mozart.

1. *There are Angels ever near us.* Song, by JAMES G. BARNETT.
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*Case of Jewels: A Collection of Opera, People's and Dance Melodies, for Piano.* By TH. OESTEN. No. 9. Price 30 cts.

This number contains a song by Kücken, airs from *I Lombardi*, *Fra Diavolo*, &c. Easy little pieces.

*La Traviata Valse*, on VERDI's celebrated opera. By G. MONTAGUE. Price 50 cts.

A set of waltzes, easy and good to waltz by, with introduction and coda.

#### Musical Chat-Chat.

One of our Boston oratorio societies is in treaty with Madame CLARA NOVELLO for the coming season. She is always spoken of as the greatest living oratorio singer in England. The accession of such a talent would ensure a brilliant season; and we trust the negotiations will not fail. She would probably give also concerts on her own account, and there have been intimations (we know not upon what authority) of some intended combination of forces on the part of the oratorio societies of Boston, New York and other cities, with Mme. Novello for prima donna, to hold one or more musical festivals like those of Birmingham, Norwich, &c. in England. Her first appearance will probably be in this city in October or November.

A. W. LADD, Esq., of Boston, Ms., was officially notified by the last mail from Europe that he had been admitted as a Brother Member of the Grand Imperial Society of Piano-Forte Makers of Paris, as a distinctive mark of honor.

In the list of *scritture*, or engagements, for the next Carnival season at the Pergola theatre in Florence, we notice the name of our townswoman, ELISA BISCACCIANTI. The Florentine Journal of Arts and Sciences, *L'Indicatore*, alludes to her eminently successful debut there at a concert of the Philharmonic Society on the 22d of June, and expresses the hope that the management "will be able to give the Biscaccianti companions worthy to stand by her side." The same journal says her singing of *Ah non giunge* produced such an outburst of enthusiasm as was excited twenty years before in the same piece by Madame PASTA. Another journal, *L'Arte*, calls her "*questa incomparabile artista*," and is at a loss which to admire most, "the pure and silvery timbre of her voice, her most beautiful accent, her unimpeachable method, or the grace, the soul, the sentiment with which she executes the most difficult passages."

Sig. LABLACHE's health prevents his visiting London this season.... Messrs. Fox and Henderson, (says the *Athenaeum*), "have contracted to deliver a new Covent Garden Theatre, on the site of the old one, in six months."... Among the doings of innumerable musical societies in London, we read of the Sacred Concerts of the *Ecclesiological Motett Society* now in progress.... M. HECTOR BERLIOZ has been elected by the Académie des Beaux Arts, as successor to Adolphe Adam. His competitors were Panzeron, Felicien David, Niedermeyer, Gounod, and others.... PALESTRINA's "Mass of Pope Marcellus" was announced to be sung on St. Peter's day, at the Church of St. Sulpice, by 250 voices.... The Bradford Triennial Festival (in England) is announced for the 26th to 29th of August. The principal singers will be Clara Novello, Viardot Garcia, Mlle. Piccolomini, Mme. Alboni, Mme. Weiss, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Weiss, Reichardt, Belletti, Beneventano, Formes, &c. Conductor, Mr. Costa. The oratorio of the first day will be Mendelssohn's "Elijah"; of the second day, Costa's "Eli"; of the third day, Handel's "Messiah"; the fourth day, miscellaneous. In the evening miscellaneous concert, two MS. Cantatas, "Robin Hood," by J. L. HATTON, and "May-Day" by G. A. MACFARREN, (composed expressly for the festival.) will be performed; besides the usual mélange of symphonies, overtures, madrigals, operatic selections, &c.

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